A

LETTER TO THE PATRIOT,

Relating to the

Pretender,

AND THE

Growth of *Popery*

IN THE

City of YORK,

And other Parts of

GREAT BRITAIN.

Dedicated to the Most Reverend Father in God, *WILLIAM* Lord Archbishop of *YORK.*

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TO THE

Moſt Reverend Father in GOD

WILLIAM Lord Archbiſhop of

YORK.

My LORD,

YOUR Grace *having in many of your* Sermons *defended the* Proteſtant Religion *againſt the Superſtitious Idolatries of* ROME, *there is no Reaſon to doubt, but your* Grace, (*now happily rais'd to the higheſt Station*) *will Reſcue your Metropolitan City of* York, *from the Hands of* Papiſts, *who are very numerous and daring.*

I do not pretend to Inſtruct your Grace, *but ſurely* GOD's Cauſe *calls*

calls every true Proteſtant, *to endeavour with a chriſtian Warmth, the preventing our degenerating again into* Idolatry *and* Superſtition.

FOR this Reaſon your Grace *is inform'd of ſome* Intrigues *in the following* Letter, *which are now tranſacting in and about* York, *by profeſſed* Papiſts, *to the great Scandal of the* Church *of* England; *and which are humbly ſubmitted to your* Grace's *Conſideration, by one who is a Lover of his Country.*

A

LETTER

TO THE

PATRIOT.

THIS (moſt worthy *Patriot*) from the Hands of a true *Briton*, to one who is ſo much in the Intereſt of our *Conſtitution*, cannot but promiſe it ſelf a kind Reception. To fling in a *Mite* now and then for the publick *Good*, is better beſtow'd than all the Places of Honour upon *ſome* Great Men. It is therefore with a Deſign of Good to the *Proteſtant Religion*, that this Letter falls under your Conſide-

Conſideration. And 'tis with the higheſt Satisfaction, that I have ſeen a true Lover of his Country, (One worthily ſtil'd the *Patriot*) ſtem the Tide of a wild Frenzy, and deſpiſe the guilded Baits which others have greedily ſuck'd in, to poyſon their Poſterity. An *Infatuation* ſo powerful, that all the ſubſtantial Charms of *native Liberty* have been Sacrific'd to it! An *Infatuation* indeed, which leads Mankind in Subjection to an *Arbitrary ſpiritual Juriſdiction, whereby all that are under it become Slaves*; than which, nothing can be more *diſpleaſing* to GOD, or *pernicious* to Man; I mean, *Popery*, a *Religion* the moſt diſhonourable to GOD, and his Glory, of all *Religions*; which pretends to have Au-

Authority to *diſpenſe* with his moſt holy Laws, and the *Breach* of them : Such a *Religion* ſo eſtabliſhed, of courſe *Slavery* muſt attend it; the propagating of which, muſt certainly ſet theſe *Kingdoms* in a Ferment, involve us in Blood, and proſtitute our Lives and Liberties, and all that is dear to us, to the Tyranny of *Rome*, and foreign *Slavery*.

The many Shocks theſe Nations have already receiv'd by *Popery*, have almoſt ſunk us ſo low, that the Difficulties we are now under none but divine Providence can ſurmount: And, can we be ſo vain as to expect that Heaven will always be at the *expence* of a *Miracle*, to retrieve an *ungrateful People* ? A People, that having taſted

taſted ſo lately of a *Deliverance*, not much inferior to the Children of *Iſrael*, under an *Egyptian* Bondage, ſpurn at the Mercies receiv'd, and rake in the Aſhes of thoſe who Reſcu'd them !

And tho' ſome of this ſort of Men, might at firſt have had no other View, than the raiſing their own Fortunes, yet, alas ! the *Conſequence* has expos'd it ſelf in a very Formidable Manner ; ſo that what was only our ſad Apprehenſions ſome few Years ſince, ſhows now that it carry'd the Spirit of Prophecy with it ; and one of the leaſt Penetration may perceive the threat'ning Danger.

What other *Proſpect* can we form, when we hear the Memory of King *WILLIAM* ſcandalouſly

lously and rascally treated by those who call him *T---t*, *U----r*, *M-- --r*, and other *Epithets*, more peculiar to a Power whose own *Will* is his *Law*; a Power, which, by this time, one might have thought, would have been as Diminutive as the *Passive Tribe* that support it?

What other *Prospect*, than to hear those who call themselves *Church-men*, menace the *Toleration*; spit at the *Succession*; and cry, *D--n-me, we are of the Church of* England, *and all the* Dissenters *are Sons of Whores, Fanaticks?* &c.

What other *Prospect*, than to see People drink the *Pretender's* Health, treasonably Assert his Right; and List Soldiers for his Service among us?

What other *Proſpect*, than to ſee all *Her Majeſty's* good Offices for removing the *Pretender* from *Lorrain*, prove ineffectual? And the more, when a *Senate*, who have done ſo many *wonderful Things*; and found out ſo many *fine* Ways *and* Means, *for Leſſening our Taxes, Encouraging our Trade, Promoting of Learning, and Compoſing the Differences of a* yet *free People*, have, with an unexpected Zeal, thought it time to Addreſs the Throne for the Apprehending the ſaid *Pretender*, whom the D. of *Lorrain* Diſreſpectfully Screens from Juſtice?

What other *Proſpect*, than to ſee publiſh'd, ſly Invectives and Sarcaſms, againſt the Illuſtrious Houſe of *Hanover*, in oppoſition

to

to Her Majeſty's *Reaſons* for Creating the Electoral Prince a Peer of this Realm; a Prince, whom the Queen has declar'd to be the Darling of *Germany*, the Defender of Our moſt holy *Religion*, and the Aſſertor of *Publick Liberty*: *Reaſons* which ought to be written in Letters of Gold, that Proteſtants may read with Pleaſure, an *Eſtabliſhment* of all that's dear to Poſterity. I have read theſe *Reaſons* at the *Hanover* Coffee-Houſe in *Finch-Lane*, *London*, with infinite Pleaſure; and, upon ſerions Thoughts, reflected upon the *Apoſtacy* of ſome great *Perſonages*, who would approach the *Regal Throne*, with the Picture of an *Impoſtor*, to leſſen the juſt Eſteem of a *Proteſtant Succeſſor*. O ſtrict

Examen! O heavy Weight, to fall one Day upon the Authors of theſe our Miſeries!

What other *Proſpect*, when we look upon *Ireland* our *Siſter*, where all their Expectations are another Maſſacre, like that in *Forty-One?* Where, no doubt, if *Papiſts* get the upper-Hand, as they promiſe themſelves, *Proteſtants* of all denominations, muſt paſſively ſacrifice their Lives and Fortunes. Poor *Ireland!* How freſh will the Memory of glorious *NASSAU* appear, when *Thou* ſhalt be diveſted of that Power he left thee to Defend thy ſelf with? The Tribe of *Sorrel*, and thoſe who have defac'd the Image of thy Deliverer, will then be the finiſhers of a Tragedy which *Hell*

and

and *Rome* promiſe themſelves already begun.

From theſe, and many other *Uneaſineſſes* among us, ridiculous I take it, for a conſiderate Man to form any other *Proſpect*, than that *Popery* and *Arbitrary Power* have ſome grand Efforts to make; but I will ſay, GOD forbid! and leave that to Time, without penetrating into the *Bona Fide* of *Dunkirk*, *Mardyke*, or any foreign Affairs, which may ſeem to run-counter with the Nature of a moſt ſtrict Alliance, and which ſome wiſe Men are apt to believe, carries with it a double *Entendre*.

To return (*moſt worthy Patriot*) beſides a naked Kingdom, toſs'd with the different Tempers of a miſguided Zeal, the vaſt Sea of

Popery

Popery broke in upon our reformed *Religion*, in moſt Parts of *Great Britain*, preſents a Scene ſo Crimſon, that nothing but a Proſpect of the Reign of *Mary* the Cruel can be like it. In *North-Britain*, Papiſts, and others in the Intereſt of the *Pretender*, grow daily more numerous and impudent. In *Yorkſhire*, *Lancaſhire*, *Cheſhire*, *Staffordſhire*, *Suffolk*, &c. They carry on their ſuperſtitious Worſhip, with as much Security, as if they had an Act on their ſide.

In the City of *York*, they are very Aſſiduous in making *New Converts*, to the great Grief of Proteſtant Parents, who have their Children inviegled from them, and taught to embrace a Religion which obliges them to be *Parricides*.

In *Blake-ſtreet*, juſt by *York-Minſter*, they have their *Maſs-Houſe*, and here they reſort with Impunity in great Numbers ſeveral times a Day; and what is a little pleaſant, their Signal for going to Maſs, is the Ringing of the *Minſter Bell*, no doubt believing they have an *Hereditary Right* not only to the *Bell*, but to the *Dome* it ſelf: And I have often obſerv'd, That tho' they are not very ſhy in their Proceſſion, yet from *Coffee-Yard*, *Coney-ſtreet*, *Mickle-Gate*, St. *Michael's*, &c. Families very ſeldom go together, but drop in by uncertain Numbers, till they make a numerous Auditory. Without *Mickle-Gate* there is a large Houſe, which is known by the Name of a *Nunnery*;

nery; and where *New Converts* are confirmed in the Principles of their Religion. And leſt thoſe they ſeduce, ſhould not ſtick to their Errors, they feed 'em with Money, and indulge them in a looſe Life, till they have an Opportunity to ſend them to *Douay*, St. *Omers*, &c.

And to prevent falling under a *Proſecution*, they bind their *Proſelites* with an Oath of *Secrecy*: So that all which the neareſt Relation can get from them, is, *That of their* own *Choice they have embrac'd the* Romiſh *Religion, believing it the only Apoſtolical Doctrin by which they may attain Salvation.*

That theſe Intrigues of the *Popiſh Prieſts*, are now carrying on, nothing can be more certain:

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A worthy *Divine* in *York*, with whom I have had the Honour to converſe, can readily ſign to it, with a great number of *Proteſtants* of all Perſuaſions. And whereas, out of an honeſt Intention to our moſt *Holy Religion*, this Inſpection has been made, I am able to produce a Liſt of the Names of near Two Hundred *Popiſh Families* in and about *York*; ſo that if You, *moſt worthy Patriot*, command it, a Copy thereof ſhall be tranſmitted to you, with a Pleaſure proportionate to your Abhorrence of their *Idolatrous Religion*.

I am,

Sir, &c.

From the *Hanover Coffee-Houſe* in *Finch-Lane*, *London June* the 28th. 1714.

Poſtſcript.

SInce my coming to *London*, the many various Reports of the *Pretender's* being at *Havre-de-Grace*, in order for a Deſcent, made me preſume to ask my ſelf the following *Queſtions*.

I. Whether our *Gariſons* are in a poſture of Defence; furniſh'd with ſufficient Stores of Ammunition, full of veteran Soldiers, who have a *Britiſh* Antipathy to *French* Slavery: Men, who long e'er this, might have been at the Gates of *Paris*: Or, whether *they* are unprovided, and like *Alms-Houſes*, fill'd only with miſerable *Invalids*?

II. Whether our *Navy*, the Bulwarks of the *Nation*, (or a ſufficient Squadron) cruiſing off of *Havre-de-Grace*, would not baulk the Deſigns of the *Beau Pretender*, and his old *Ally*, and ſatisfy the Minds

Minds of a *Proteſtant Miniſtry*, that the Succeſſion is not ſtruck at, *at Home*, as well as *Abroad?* In the Reign of Queen *Eliz.* (Hail to her Memory!) the *Spaniards* came with their *Baſtard* from *Rome*, chriſten'd, *The Invincible Armada*; to tear the Crown from off Her Majeſty's Head, when immediately the good Queen call'd her Generals about her, had all her Frontiers ready, and at the Head of an Army at *Tilbury*, ſet the whole *Spaniſh* Fleet on fire, and turn'd them a-drift.

III. If the *Pretender* ſhould, *like a Thief ſteal upon us in the Night*, and by Virtue of *French Piſtoles*, Bribe ſome of our *chief Watchmen*, who have long ſince built *airy Caſtles* in *Southern* Climates, Whether *Britiſh* Courage will not (as formerly, *Delays being dangerous*) rouze up, (*ſans Ceremony*) and Defend with the laſt drop of Blood, their *Religion*, *Liberty*, and *Property*, againſt Madam *Popery*, who is now going to be deliver'd of an *Impoſtor* among us?

IV. If (after all) the *Pretender* ſhould meet with another fruitleſs *Expedition*, will not his old *Ally* grumble, and be *Chagrin* with thoſe (if any there be) who have traitorouſly taken his *Money*, and even *ſhook Hands* with him to bind the Bargain?

V. If Denying the *Right of Petitioning* ſhould ever revive, and that a *Remonſtrance* of the *Grievances* of the Nation ſhould be drawn up, Whether ſome falſe *Grandees* would not be ſadly affected with the *Hypo*, ſtartle at the Thoughts of their *Treaſons*, Sleep diſorderly, and Dream of nothing but *Parliamentary Impeachments*, *Axes*, *Halters*, &c.

VI. If the *Pretender* ſhould be ſo impudent, to invade with a foreign Power Her Majeſty's Dominions, either in *England*, *Scotland*, or *Ireland*, whether the Elector of *Brunſwick*, (near to the Queen by Blood, Friendſhip, and Alliance) may not be expected to come immediately to Her Aſſiſtance, with a formidable Army, under

under the Conduct of old, experienc'd Proteſtant Generals ?

Such *odd Queſtions* as theſe (*moſt worthy Patriot*) I have often ask'd my ſelf; and ſometimes anſwer'd them with melancholly Conſequences. So that upon the whole, I look upon the following Dilemma's a People are under, to be ſad, eſſential Truths : *viz.*

That when *Great Britain* is in imminent Danger from the *Pretender*, aſſiſted by a *Foreign* Power, and *Domeſtick* Enemies : When *Popery* and *Slavery* are going Hand in Hand to do us a Miſchief : When *Taxes* are certain, *Trade* precarious : our *Merchants* diſſatisfied, *Manufactures* diſcourag'd ; and in ſhort, the whole Band of *Proteſtantiſm* ſtrain'd even to a *Fracture*, under Pretence of Danger in *Religion*. It is than high time to look out, and bring to Juſtice thoſe to whom we owe the Dangers and Fears from foreign Power ; the Ruining of a Nation ; the Expence of *OUR Treaſure WE* have entruſted *them* with : the Byaſſing of our *Senators*, the Poyſoning our *Springs* and

Foun-

Fountains, and the Betrayers of our Legal Rights: And when ſuch guilty Wretches appear (be they never ſo high) nothing can be more Reaſonable, nothing more Delectable, than for Proteſtants to ſee them puniſh'd according to their Deſerts.

FINIS.